

COURSE OF STUDY

IN THE

RECTOR'S CLASS, HIGH SCHOOL,

Edinburgh,

During the Session ending August 1829.

BOOKS READ.

LATIN.

VIRGIL.—*Aeneid*, Book IX.

ANTHOLOGIA.—*Extracts from Ovid's Tristia*, Epistles from Pontus, &c.

HORACE.—*Odes*, Book I. 1, 2, 3, 7, 10, 12, 15, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 29, 31, 32, 34, 35, 37, 38. Book II. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. *Epistles*, Book II. and the *Epistle to the Pisoës*.

BUCHANAN'S PSALMS.—*From Psalm lxxviii. to cix.*

LIVY.—Book xxii.

TACITUS.—*Agricola*, Chap. xiii—xxxix.

PRIVATE STUDIES.

LIVY.—Book xxi. xxiii. xxiv. xxv.



GREEK.

LOWER CLASS.

MOOR'S GRAMMAR—GREEK VOCABULARY—XENOPHON'S
ANABASIS, from Book III. Chap. iv. to Book V.

HIGHER CLASS.

EURIPIDES.—*Medea*.

XENOPHON.—*Memorabilia*, Book I. Chap. i.—v. with all
the work done by the Lower Greek Class.

GREEK TESTAMENT.—ST. LUKE'S GOSPEL, from Chap.
viii. to the end; and ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL, Four Chap-
ters, by both Classes.

GREEK PRIVATE STUDIES.

THE ILIAD in various proportions—ALEXANDER PETER-
KIN professes the ILIAD, from Book Third to the end.
SPROTT BOYD, from Book Fourth to the end. JAMES
BLACKWOOD, from Book Fifth to the end; and the
whole ODYSSEY. ANDREW GLEN, the whole ILIAD,
and Twenty Books of the ODYSSEY. JOHN NICOL-
SON, the whole ILIAD and ODYSSEY. ROBERT BOR-
ROWMAN, the ILIAD from Book Fifteenth to the end,
the ODYSSEY, and CYROPAEDIA. ROBERT TAYLOR,
the ILIAD from Book Tenth, the ODYSSEY and CYRO-
PAEDIA. JOSEPH CAUVIN, HERODOTUS, SOPHOCLES,
MEMORABILIA, and THUCYDIDES.

EXERCISES.

ADAM'S GRAMMAR.

MAIR'S INTRODUCTION.

ADAM'S ANTIQUITIES.

LATIN AND GREEK VERSES.

ABSTRACTS *of different Portions of the Authors read.*

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS *in ENGLISH, LATIN, and GREEK PROSE, and in ENGLISH VERSE.*

TRANSLATIONS *from LATIN into ENGLISH, and from ENGLISH into LATIN, partly extemporaneous, and partly premeditated ; some of the former into ENGLISH VERSE.*

RECITATIONS—*Odes of HORACE.*

GEOGRAPHY.

OUTLINE OF ASTRONOMY.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF GEOGRAPHY.

PARTICULAR GEOGRAPHY OF GREECE—COAST OF THE EUXINE—ASIA MINOR—SYRIA—EGYPT—NORTHERN COAST OF AFRICA AND THE BRITISH ISLES.

CONSTRUCTION OF MAPS.

SCOTORUM

AD BANNOCUM LAUDES.

Departed Spirits of the mighty dead,
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,
 Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
 O once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot Tell, the BRUCE of Bannockburn !

Campbell.

DICENDA Musis proelia : carmina,
 Regina Clio, praecipe bellica,
 Quae luderet Vates camoenâ
 Dulce canens Venusinus almâ :

Cum laetus atro turbidus hostium
 Volvebat amnis sanguine flumina ;
 Mavorsque per terram nefandus
 Sanguineo fremuit tumultu ;

Equis Enyo fraena furentibus
 Effudit atrox sanguine fulgida,
 Hostemque demisit sub umbras
 Tartareum quatiens flagellum.

Dilecta Fauno et Naiadum choris
 Arbusta, testor vos, vaga flumina
 Quaecumque devexâ voluta
 Rupe lavunt tenui susurro,

Audisse sylvas nobilium virûm
 Virtute et armis nomina frondeas,
 Quum Rege Scotos impotenti
 Anglia vult religare demens.

Salvete ! fontis dulcia flumina
 Lucasque pinis nigra comantibus :
 Nativa nam certe fluenta
 Numen habet veteresque sylvas.

Herosin olim laudibus inclytis
 Videre tectum jam videor solum :
 Fumusque, fulgoresque belli
 Ante oculos volitant trementes.

Furore dulci plenus, et imperî
 Ruentis actus sollicitudine,
 Hic inclytos heros honores
 Laetigero peperit triumpho !

Stupesne dirum, maxime principum
 Bruci, Tyrannum ? nec mare barbarum
 Heroa percellit, nec atra
 Gorgoneis colubris Medusa.

Insigne late nomen in ultimum
 Extendit orbem Scotia libera,
 Quâ Tigris oras tingit aureo
 Flumine dissiliens Eoas.

Ab Rege claris civibus Anglico
 Retorta tergo brachia nobili ?
 Quid ? in furorem perdomandi
 Latius egit amor Tyrannum ?

Num fulmen ingens in caput illius
 Dirum Supremus dejicit igneus,
 Aut ora fulgentes colubris
 Eumenides rapiunt in Orcum?

Quâ triste saevis Tartareum specus
 Eructat aestus faucibus horridos,
 Custosque reclinis sub antro
 Anguibus ingeminat cruentis :

Quâ torvus atris oribus infremens
 Saxum laborat volvere Sisypbos,
 Et tortus Ixion in orbe
 Abripitur rapidus volucris :

Audesne, princeps, compede ferreo
 Fraenare fortes, quod tibi degener
 Caterva cedit, quod stupescit
 Mentibus attonitis, Tyranne?

En ! ît inanis victima gloriae :
 Paeana, cives, tollite, liberi
 Dulcem ; Tyrannus nam superbus
 Terga dedit tremefacta raptor.

Gaudete, Patres ! in loca Tartari
 Demisit hostem vividus impetus !
 Mirumne ? Libertas Tyrannum
 Sternit humi generosa dirum ?

Regina dulcis, dic, Polyhymnia,
 Ut ductor olim Scoticus impetu
 Oppressit ingenti triumphans,
 Praecipitemque ruit Tyrannum.

Quid debeas, O Scotia, filiis,
 Testis refulgens flumen adoreâ
 Olim celebri, quum catervae
 Sanguineae trepidâre membra.

Viros triumphans numine Jupiter
 Sacro tuetur, dexter et adjuvat,
 Utcunque rupturi catenas,
 Impavidi cohibent Tyrannum :

Utcunque saevis pluma superbiae
 Ventosa inanis regibus excidit,
 Dignumque jactatam paratur
 Supplicium patriam prementi.

Isti superstes gloria Barbaro,
 Qui caede gentes diruit improbâ,
 Qui tela procudit nefanda
 Et miseras populatus urbes ?

Brucî manebit cedere nesciî
 Nomen, fugacem temporis impetum
 Spernens, quod exegit Tyrannum, et
 Impavido tremefecit ore.
 JOSEPHUS CAUVIN.

IN MUSICEN.

Sunt quibus longo celebrare cantu
 Bella et armorum placeat tumultus,
 Et duces magnos, tepidaque campum
 Caede rubentem :

Inclyti sunt queis animum referre
Nobilem Bruci, patriae salutis,
Quum suos, Scoto superante, fusos
Anglia luxit. 5

Alma te nutrix peto, Musa, pacis,
Quam juvant valles latebraeque luci;
Nam mihi semper placuere mollis
Dona Camoenae. 10

Bellico curru galeaque laevi
Infremit Mavors, strepituque gaudet:
Mittit in terras Pater ipse vindex
Fulmen ab aethra. 15

Gaudet Euterpe numeros ciere
Tibiae, gratâ nemoris sub umbrâ,
Vel susurrantis, fugiente Phoebô,
Margine rivi: 20

Arbores flectunt apices superbos
Ad modos; undae tacitae stupescunt:
Stat loci mirans revocatque fluctum
Divus ab alto.

Te feras dicunt domuisse sacri
Barbiti et sylvas fidibus canoris;
Concitos amnes tenuisse plectro,
Thracie vates: 25

Cerberum solus poteras trifaucem,
Et lyra flammas Stygias domare;
Occupat Lethe nigra membra monstri
Et sopor altus. 30

Te, Cithaeronis lapidès, disertè
 Fertur, Amphion, agitasse Thebas,
 Sponteque in formam coiisse muri
 Saxa canendo. 35

Quid tuas laudes memorem, lyrae quid
 Lesbiae voces teneras, Arion ;
 Vel quid auritos stupuisse miro
 Carmine pisces? 40

Casta, per valles tacitas vagari
 Me juvat tecum vacuum, Camoena,
 Dum locos circa decorat sereno
 Lumine Phoebe.

Cura quum pectus cruciat molesta,
 Musa, vocali sonitu venusti
 Carminis, praebes animo quietis
 Munera semper. 45

Quem premit morbus violentus, illi
 Languido robor gemitus trahenti
 Das repentinum, subeuntque rursus
 Gaudia cordi. 50

Quin et infirmâ tremulus senecta,
 Quum modis blandae citharae dat aures,
 Debiles artus subito calorem
 Sentit inire. 55

Tu virum fortem ad generosa facta
 Pro focis, Carmen, stimulas paternis :
 Provocat casus, animam paratus
 Fundere letho : 60

Te manent palmae, celebrisque pompa ;
 Te triumphalis sequitur coronis
 Laureis fulgens rota ; te sequuntur
 Corpora capta.

Grata testudo dapibus Tonantis, 65
 Barbaros cultus hominum ferorum
 Voce tu formas ; dominamque sentit
 Ultima Thule :

Te truces Afri, Scythicaeque turbae,
 Te Dahae saevi venerantur ; urbes 70
 Te colunt ; clari soliis honorant,
 Musa, Tyranni.

Nobilis, salve, domitrix doloris !
 Tu comes, tu dux mihi semper esto ;
 Pectori rebus venias in arctis 75
 Dulce levamen.

Diva, tu nomen tribuis perenne
 Sola Mortali : duce te, Camoena,
 Nubium tractus super, atque coeli
 Regna volabo. 80

ROBERTUS TAYLOR.

AURORA.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.—*Milton.*

DICITE, Pierides Parnassi sacra colentes,
 Cur rapido cursu volvat aperta dies,

Cur properent clari pelago se tinguere soles,
 Cur Phoebus redeat mane rubente novo :
 Nam nuper viridi sedeo dum vertice collis,
 Et tacite lucens Cynthia regna tenet ;
 Intendens oculos Eois finibus orbis,
 Qua pelago lati jungitur aethra poli,
 Tunc vidi totum radiis splendescere pontum,
 Et nitidum claras fundere lumen aquas.
 Nec mora, quum cunctum Sidonia purpura coelum
 Murice splendenti fucat, et omne fretum.
 Ecce fores pandis roseas Aurora superbas !
 Clarior et graditur rursus Apollo micans !
 Vix volucres Phoebus coelesti gramine pastos
 Quadrupedes cohibet, frenaque mandat equis ;
 Per coelum laeti volitant, hinnitibus auras
 Complent, per nares lumina clara vomunt.
 Ipse stat, hortatur verbis, et torquet habenas,
 Et radiis cinctus fulgidus ora nitet :
 Ante ejus vultum fugiunt formidine stellae,
 Illarum cunctum Lucifer agmen agit ;
 Ac veluti pastor summo quum monte fidelis
 Quaerit et errantes, atque reducit oves,
 Sydera sic cogit, sic ipse novissimus exit,
 Lumine post nitidum viderat omne solum.
 Nunc natura diem ridet, laetamque salutat,
 Cuncta vident magni munera clara Dei ;
 Saltibus in nigris lucisque silentibus ante,
 Guttore jam tenui carmina fundit avis.
 Per juga montis apros juvenis sectatur atroces,
 Et levibus ventis aemulus instat eis.
 Nunc canibus raucis is saltus impiger atque
 Omne nemus rapidis ille fatigat equis.
 Nunc, Aurora, decor terris tuus omnibus orbis
 Splendet, nunc omnes spargis olente rosa :

Hic trepidat gelidus viridi fons gramine cinctus,
 Delectant sacro murmure montis aquae;
 Hic nemus umbrosum, volucrumque hic dulcia regna,
 Hic latebrae virides, aspera sylva rubis;
 Haud procul hinc molli prato dum laniger agnus
 Ludit, tu, pastor, carmen agreste canis;
 Hic violae molles vernanti in gramine gemmant,
 Heu nimiumque brevis gloria clara rosae!
 At modo si lenta dabitur requiescere in umbra,
 Non urar radiis, Phoebe corusce, tuis.

ROBERTUS BORROWMAN.

THE MANIAC.

BY the fountain she wanders in sorrow alone,
 And grief has erected her throne on her brow;
 And the smile of her lip is exchanged for the moan
 Of a heart that is broken and comfortless now.

O oft her fair bosom is rent by the sigh,
 And the rose of her cheek now is pallid and wet;
 O dimmed is the once joyous glance of her eye,
 And the tear is bedewing its lashes of jet.

And her small snowy fingers run swift through her hair,
 As it floats on the blast, while she paces the strand,
 And her form not of earth, and her wildness of air
 Might bespeak her a native of Faery land.

When the night wind is sweeping through forest and glen,
 And the moon on the woodlands is darting her ray,
 You may list to the song of the maniac then,
 While the sighs of the breeze add a charm to the lay.

“ My love from me hath gone,
 His form from earth hath fled,
 I would, since he hath left me lone,
 That I were dead.

The dews are falling here—
 I sit upon his clay,
 And weep that he who was so dear
 Hath passed away.

I see amid the glade,
 His form on ev’ry tree ;
 I hear his voice from ev’ry shade,
 “ Away to me.”

Up on the mist-clad hill,
 To me he’s ever near ;
 I hear him from the pebbly rill
 And streamlet clear.

“ Look on yon glittering star,
 ’Tis there, my love, I stay,
 Its climes are fairer, brighter far—
 O come away.”

He shall not wait me long,
 I’ll mount upon the wind,
 And gladly leave, for love is strong,
 The world behind.”

She speaks not to man, but the trees of the vale
 Hear her rave to the clouds as they sail through the sky ;
 To the fiends of the tempest that ride on the gale,
 While Fancy conveys to her ear a reply.

When the hamlet re-echoes with laughter and song,
 And the light step of youth is imprinting the ground,
 She treads not the dance with the rustic throng,
 She shares not the mirth that is smiling around.

For he whom she loved is now low in the grave,
 And in vain does she look for his form among men ;
 He breath'd out his last in the breast of the wave,
 And a smile never beam'd on her visage again.

S. BOYD.

TRANSLATION

*Of the Choral Ode to dissuade Medea from murdering
 her Children. Ιω γὰρ τε, line 1260.*

I.

Strophe.

RISE, O mother Earth, arise !
 All-illuming lamp of heaven,
 Watch her from thy native skies,
 Ere the fatal blow be given !
 Ere the mother cease to feel ;
 Ere she plunge the glowing steel
 In the infant's breast.
 Sprung from origin divine,
 They are of thy golden line,
 Th' offspring of the blest.

II.

Dreadful 'tis that mortal men,
 Spill the blood of Gods above.
 Rise ! O King of ether, then,
 Melt the mother's heart to love.

Wrest the dagger from her hand,
 And drive away,
 O God of day,
 The murd'rous furies from the land !

III.

Antistrophe.

In vain did tenderness combine
 With love, and all a mother's care ;
 In vain with words, and looks benign,
 You nursed the children fair.
 Stranger, who hast passed before,
 Where upon the rocky shore
 Cyanean billows madden,
 Why within thy alter'd soul,
 Do rage and angry passions roll ?
 Why does affection sadden ?

IV.

Why does vengeance ever glooming,
 Urge thee to destroy thy race ?
 Know, O mad ill-fated woman,
 Thou canst ne'er the life replace.
 When mothers' hands their children slay,
 The bloody stain
 Does aye remain,
 Never, never wiped away !

ROBERT BORROWMAN.

6th July, 1829.

 THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL.

FORTUNE, frail Fortune ! ever on the wane,
 How oft thou rend'st mortal labour vain !

How many a peasant, who but lately groan'd
 Beneath his load, thy favouring aid has own'd :
 How often hast thou from their station hurl'd
 Chiefs, who but lately ruled the trembling world.

Unhappy leader of the Afric host,
 Rome's deadliest foe,—thy country's greatest boast,
 A land ungrateful, careless of thy might,
 Left thee, a solitary flower, to blight,
 Left thee unfriended,—sent thee from her shore
 Aid to implore, and oft in vain implore.

Did no kind foe, forgetting hostile strife,
 Grant thee a refuge, or preserve thy life ?
 Alas ! that foe by hostile rancour driven,
 Sought to lay low this favour'd child of heaven.
 They, they alone the helpless chief pursued ;
 Though others sold, alone they sought his blood.

See, then, the chief of Carthage, worn by age,
 Still sought by Rome's stern unrelenting rage,
 The guest of far Bithynia's prince, recline
 Where trees in shady arbours intertwine.
 Wrapt in his gloomy thoughts, the fallen man
 Reviews the actions of his mortal span ;
 Thinks on the fields he won in earlier days ;
 Thinks on fell Zama, where he lost his bays.
 Mark o'er his cheek the drops of memory fall,
 And all his former power and fame recall.
 See how the toils of bygone years have spread
 The thin strown snow upon his aged head :
 See how the vigour of his eye grows dim ;
 See how unsteady is each tottering limb.

Is this a prey for Rome's imperial land ?
 Why fear a Hannibal without his band ?
 Why, though the Romans fled before his host,
 Should great Rome's generous spirit now be lost ?

Oh Rome ! thou mistress of the world ! in vain

Shall other glories wipe away the stain.
 Still on thy name remains one darkening blot,
 For fame is stained when pity is forgot.

Now the Bithynian king his guest betrays ;
 Rome orders, and the cowering prince obeys.
 The satellites of Rome led on surround,
 And hope full soon to have their captive bound.
 But soon he hears that Rome's imperial bands
 Approach to bind in slavery his hands.
 He calls to him his good, his trusty slave,
 To give the bowl that bears him to the grave.
 With daring hand he rears th' empoisoned cup,
 And quaffs the draught of swift destruction up.
 Still while he holds the goblet in his hand,
 His glazed eye-balls in their sockets stand ;
 Thickens, and hurried grows his scanty breath
 His brow is clammy with the dew of death.
 In a brief space the poison fills his veins,
 And a dark lifeless corse alone remains.

Rome ! was thine anger not appeased yet,
 When his once brilliant sun in darkness set ?
 What triumph were it, if in chains of steel
 Triumph had dragged him at his chariot wheel ?
 Where would the glory of the empire rest
 If dire revenge had pierced his aged breast ?

Deserted chieftain ! who in days of yore
 Hadst almost gained the power o'er Latium's shore ;
 Once nearly master of the Roman world,—
 But, ah ! how soon from empire wast thou hurl'd.
 How soon from house, from country wast thou driven ;
 Thou once the favourite, now forgot of heaven.
 How vile a task for man to reprehend
 Vices in some to which himself may bend !
 Yet let his valour in his country's cause,
 Gain from mankind some tribute of applause ;

Veil all his vices 'neath oblivion's shade ;
 Be all forgot, when mingled with the dead.

ALEX. PETERKIN.

A VALEDICTORY TO THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL.

I.

FAREWELL ! thou sacred venerable pile,
 That long hast stood our glory and renown ;
 Thy halls no more shall see the school boy smile,
 Or tremble at the master's angry frown.

II.

Farewell ! and yet I heave a tender sigh,
 The past while memory fondly travels o'er,
 The scenes presenting to my mental eye,
 Which thou, alas ! must now behold no more.

III.

No more about thy walks shall striplings sport ;
 Thy halls no more resound the classic lay ;
 A numerous band no more shall fill thy court,
 " When toil relaxing lends it's turn to play."

IV.

No more in melting measures shall complain
 The grief-worn Ovid of his exile dire ;
 Nor godlike Maro raise his lofty strain,
 Nor Horace strike his sweetly sounding lyre.

V.

How oft to thee, with pleasure-beaming face
 I've issued forth, beneath the joyous morn ;
 " Not like the snail with slow unwilling pace,"
 But on the wings of hope and pleasure borne !

VI.

'Tis thine, O heavenly learning, to bestow
 Comfort in pain, and add to pleasure zest,
 To bid the pallid cheek with gladness glow,
 And raise to joy the woe-o'ercharged breast.

VII.

To thee, in cities vast my court I pay,
 With thee, I love to haunt the rural shades,
 With thee, in lofty mountain tops to stray,
 Or seek retirement in the opening glades.

VIII.

Inspired by thee, I hear the gentle breeze
 Soothing my ravished ear with heavenly notes ;
 The lovely Dryads sigh among the trees,
 And on the air celestial music floats.

IX.

The day shall come, when time's unsparing hand
 Shall raze each glad emotion from my breast ;
 When every joy and every pleasure bland,
 Shall lose the power to charm they once possessed.

X.

The time shall come, when thou, O heavenly muse,
 The sweet companion of my idle hours,
 Shalt cease extatic raptures to infuse,
 In spring's gay morn, or summer's evening bowers.

XI.

But thou ! who long hast stood Edina's pride,
 And still remain'st to tell of what is past,
 Shalt never from my faithful memory slide,
 Till this my panting frame hath breathed its last.

XII.

What though thy ancient glory now is fled,
 And quite deserted though thy halls appear,
 Perhaps, the stranger viewing thee may shed,
 With filial awe, a reverential tear :

XIII.

Perhaps, may tell his son, that here his days
 Of youth and boyhood pleasantly were past ;
 That here he learned to tread in wisdom's ways,
 " That here his mind in heavenly mould was cast."

XIV.

And O may she, thy blooming daughter fair,
 Enshrined in majesty, on Calton's height,
 Thy glorious name, and well-earned honours share,
 And shed around the world fair learning's light.

XV.

Yes ! she, when thou hast crumbled into dust,
 And nought but ruins tell where thou hast been ;
 Yes ! she, prophetic hope may boldly trust,
 Shall still shine forth in majesty serene.

XVI.

Still from her fostering womb shall sons arise,
 Adorned with wisdom, and with virtue's lore ;
 To strike the admiring world with mute surprise,
 And rival all the mighty shades of yore.

XVII.

But cease, my muse : such flights thy power transcend ;
 A resting place befits thy weary wing ;
 On Calton's summit do thou first descend,
 And there, behold a work that thou mayst sing.

JOHN LOCKHART, 1829.